

INDIAN CHILD LIFE



E.W. Deming

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— BY E. W. DEMING —



INDIAN CHILD LIFE

WITH NUMEROUS FULL-PAGE COLOUR-PLATES AFTER PAINTINGS IN WATER-COLOUR
TOGETHER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN BLACK-AND-WHITE

By EDWIN WILLARD DEMING

AND WITH NEW STORIES

By THERESE O. DEMING



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A RUNAWAY.

ONCE, after an ARICKARA Indian mother had finished all her packing, as they were going to move camp, she fixed a travois on her big dog and placed her baby in the basket. Then all was ready and they were about to start, when a great, ugly black dog came along, and the two dogs began to fight.



THE TWO DOGS BEGAN TO FIGHT.

The squaw whipped them apart, and after she had quieted her poor little baby boy, who had been very much frightened, she put him back into his little carriage, and soon the Indians started.

The squaw walked beside the dog to guide him and, also, to amuse her baby. Indian babies play with little dolls made of buckskin, with long buckskin fringe for hair. If a feather is placed in the dolly's hair the babies think it is beautifully dressed.

The baby of our story was having a lovely time with his dolly and so his mother

thought she would just drop back and have a little chat with another Indian mother while the baby was good.

She had hardly turned around, when that naughty dog saw a great big jack rabbit, just ahead, and thought it would make a delicious dinner. Off he started. He jumped right through the rough sage brush, and the poor baby rolled out. His mother was afraid he would be badly hurt, but he was only frightened. When the squaw caught the naughty dog again, she tied a rope around his neck and kept tight hold of it, so he couldn't play another trick on her.

When the Indians stopped and camped, the little boy picked up a stick and whipped that dog as hard as he could for treating him so badly during the day's traveling.



THE LITTLE BOY PICKED UP A STICK.

E.W. Deming



A GREEDY BEAR.

ONCE there was a little PUEBLO Indian boy and his father was one of the best hunters in the village. One morning he went out into the mountains to shoot deer, the meat of which was to be dried for the winter supply.



TRYING TO FIND SOME GRUBS FOR HER BABIES.

He was walking very carefully, as he would have frightened the game away if he had made a noise.

Suddenly he heard a sound as if a mama bear were scolding a cub for being selfish. He looked, and there, indeed, was an old she-bear turning over stones and trying to find some grubs for her babies.

The Indian shot the mama bear and one of the cubs scampered off as fast as he could go, but the hunter caught the other little bear and tied a horse-hair rope tight around the little fellow's neck, so he could drag him home to his little TAN-TSI-DAY.

The two became very good friends, and when TAN-TSI-DAY'S mother brought a bowl of porridge to her baby, she always put in enough for the baby bear too.

One day the baby bear was naughty, and when TAN-TSI-DAY's mother had gone into the house, he took the bowl and ate all the porridge himself, and didn't give his little play-fellow any.

The baby was very much surprised, and called his Indian mother.

Do you know how she punished the selfish little bear? When the next meal-time came, she just brought enough of the good porridge for her TAN-TSI-DAY, and made that naughty bear eat with the puppies. I think baby bear won't be such a greedy little fellow when allowed to eat with his little companion again.



DRAG HIM HOME TO HIS TAN-TSI-DAY.



IN MISCHIEF.

THE naughty bear had been kept away from his playfellow for some time, and as the two loved one another so much, it made them both feel very sad.



HE HID BEHIND A BAKE OVEN.

One day the Indian mother went out to visit, and baby bear saw her go. "Now," thought he, "I will see my little friend, and, if I am a very good little bear, perhaps his mother will let us play together again."

Baby bear crept along very carefully, and when he thought the mother was not looking he hid behind a bake oven and almost had his first accident, for TAN-TSI-DAY'S mother had left one of her best jars standing there with herbs to dry.

When the mother had got out of sight the baby bear marched into the adobe home of his friend, and then the two companions were glad.

But baby bear and TAN-TSI-DAY saw the jars with all the good things in them, and then they forgot to try to be good.

They ate the dried berries and sweet roots; tipped the jars and baskets to see if any goodies were in them; and when they had eaten all they wanted, sat just as close to each other as possible and went fast asleep.

After a while the mother came home, and when she saw those two fast asleep, the jars broken, and all her good things spilled over the floor, she became very angry and started to whip them.

Baby bear wakened up and ran as fast as his clumsy little legs would let him; but he didn't reach the top of his pole before the Indian mother had given him a good switching.





CANOE BOYS.

LITTLE CHIPPEWAY Indian boys have lots of good times. In the spring they help their fathers and big brothers to make maple sugar. They watch the birch-bark troughs and, when one is full of sap, carry and empty it into a big kettle over a fire to boil down.



THE BEARS FIND THE SAP.

Often the bears find the sap during the night, and, as they like sweets very much, drink it all; and the little boys are disappointed in the morning, when they go around with their birch-bark buckets, to find it all gone. Sometimes the bears try to steal the boiling syrup, and then they get their paws badly burned for trying to be thieves.

In summer, the boys love to swim and play in the little lakes that are so numerous in the region of their home. One afternoon a number of boys got into a canoe and paddled, and as many other boys waded out into one of the shallow lakes to have some fun. The boys in the water were to try and take the canoe away from the boys that were inside. Oh, how hard the two sides worked, one to keep the

CANOE BOYS.

boat right side up, and the other side to capture it; for if they tipped the canoe and spilled all the boys out they gained the victory, and would get in and see if they could hold it. They splashed the water in all directions, and when one boy fell or was pulled out of the boat, didn't he get a good ducking! The little dog helped all he could by barking very loud and trying to frighten the boys in the water.

They played until it was so dark they had to stop and go home.

Their houses, canoes, baskets, buckets and various other things, are made out of the bark of the birch tree.

Whenever any of the CHIPPEWAY Indians want to go visiting, they always go in canoes when possible, for they are canoe Indians and almost live in their boats. They seldom go visiting on horseback as most other tribes do.



THEY ALWAYS GO IN CANOES.



WINTER FUN.

THE little ASSINIBOIN Indian boys had a great deal of snow in winter, and, as they have no sleds 'as white boys have, they took buffalo ribs and slid down hill on them.



A little boy was walking over the snow one day, on his snow-shoes, when he thought what fun it would be, if the boys would all go over on the hill and slide. He walked through the village, playing he was the town crier, and called all the little boys out on the hill to slide.

They all took their buffalo ribs and went out, and the little girls—some who had babies on their backs, and some who were only playing—and even the mothers and grandmothers went along to see how much fun the boys were going to have.

A LITTLE BOY WAS WALKING OVER THE
SNOW ONE DAY, ON HIS SNOW-SHOES.

Some of the boys fastened the buffalo ribs on their feet, while others made little sleds by fastening the ribs together and making cross pieces of wood. Then they started at the top of the hill and came down, one after the other, shouting and laughing while other boys threw snow at them.

Several times they went down the hill without any accident, and they were beginning to think nothing could throw them. They all ran up the hill for another long slide, the first one up was to be the first to start. One started right after the other, and as the first one was nearly at the bottom of the hill he lost his balance and over he went. The other boys were close behind him, and as each one came he went over, and the boys and girls, who were watching thought that was more fun for them than the sliding had been. Even the three companions who had been throwing sticks over the snow to see which could make them slide farthest, stopped their game to see how the boys were piled on top of one another.



THROWING STICKS OVER THE SNOW TO SEE WHICH
COULD MAKE THEM SLIDE FARTHEST.



MR. AND MRS. ANTELOPE AND THE BABIES.

ONE bright, sunny day, Mr. and Mrs. Antelope took little Baby Antelope out for a run. They knew where to find a lovely feeding-ground, so that their baby could have a good dinner of nice young grass.



MR. AND MRS. ANTELOPE TOOK LITTLE BABY ANTELOPE OUT FOR A RUN.

Mr. and Mrs. Antelope were walking along very quietly; but the baby was so pleased to get out, that she gamboled far away, and frisked about.

Pretty soon she came running back very much frightened and said, "Oh Mamma and Papa Antelope, do come with me! I have seen some of the queerest little animals over near that tree, and I don't know what they are."

Mr. and Mrs. Antelope became very much worried, because they thought perhaps their little one had seen one of those animals that walk on two legs and carry a long iron stick that can hit and kill them from afar. As Mr. and Mrs. Antelope are very

curious people, they wanted to see what their baby meant. Can you guess what they saw? Leaning against the tree were two queer little animals. Mr. and Mrs. Antelope thought hard and looked very keenly; but they had never seen such animals before.

Weren't Mr. and Mrs. Antelope funny? They didn't know that if they stayed much longer, a SIOUX Indian mother would come out from the bushes where she was picking berries and frighten them away from her little baby and then she would have to scold her daughter TOM-BE for falling asleep and not taking better care of her baby brother.





THE CLIFF-DWELLERS AND THEIR PETS.

A LONG time ago, before the white people came to live here, the COCHITI Indians used to live in houses made by hollowing deep holes into the north side of the deep cañons. They built their houses to face the south, because it was warmer in winter when the fierce north wind came over the mountains to see what damage he could do. Instead of finding houses to go into, he could only blow against the mountains.

The little boys used to climb down the sides of the cliffs from their homes, and play in the warm sunshine with their tame foxes and make them jump for dried meat.

Sometimes they took their bows and arrows and went out to hunt wild turkeys in the arroyos, or deep gullies around their homes.

At night the foxes found a warm place in some house that had been deserted, perhaps because the opening had grown too large and the sand had drifted in, or perhaps because it was not sheltered enough from the snow in winter. The boys would climb to their own houses.



In those days, the men and boys had to watch from high places to warn the people of the approach of any of their enemies, because the NAVAJO and APACHE Indians troubled the PUEBLO Indians a great deal in olden times.

As long as the watchers could see no enemy, the women used to carry water from the river—which was quite far away—gather wood and till little patches of ground, but as soon as the enemy came down upon them, they looked for water in wells dug into the rock to hold the rain when it fell. This water was always saved for cases of this kind.



SOMETIMES THEY WENT OUT TO HUNT WILD TURKEYS.



E. W. Deming

THE BURRO RACE.

TOM-Ō-PING was a little PUEBLO Indian boy and one day his father said to him, "TOM-Ō-PING take my big black burro over to the cañon to feed." TOM-Ō-PING didn't say, "wait a minute" to his father, but jumped right on his burro.



WHILE BO-PING'S DOG BARKED AT HIS HEELS.

As he was going through the pueblo, he met his three companions, A-GO-YA, TŌ-A and BO-PING. TOM-Ō-PING did not like to go alone, so he asked two of his little friends to jump on behind him while the third ran along as best he could, and they would all get their own burros and have a race. The boys did not have to be asked twice, so they jumped on behind TOM-Ō-PING and then, as they

were anxious to get to racing, they all tried to hurry the poor old burro along by kicking him in the ribs while BO-PING'S dog barked at his heels. Mr. Burro was tired and wouldn't endure that long; so in a moment he was standing on his fore-legs and the three boys were turning somersaults over his head, while the dog was kicked high in the air. The boys jumped upon his back again and this time were more patient, so they finally reached the cañon where the donkeys were feeding in safety.

THE BURRO RACE.

The three waited for their friend to come and then each boy caught his own little animal, and as TŌ-A was the eldest boy he gave the signal to start. ONE ! TWO !! THREE!!! and off they went over fields and prairie, down the old trail and through the sage brush, shouting and laughing and urging their little steeds along. First BO-PING was a little ahead, and then he was glad, for he had been telling how well his little donkey could go. Then the others whipped their small animals a little harder for none wanted to be beaten. How they did go! You never saw four little donkeys go faster. At last the race came to an end, and the little children, who had gathered to see the finish, clapped their hands and laughed as TŌ-A, who was a favorite with them all, came in just a little ahead of his companions.



THE BOYS WERE TURNING SOMERSAULTS OVER HIS HEAD.



F. W. Deming

LEARNING TO SHOOT.

INDIAN fathers are just as proud of their little sons as white fathers are of theirs.

One day, a CROW Indian chief came in from the mountains, where he had been hunting and said to his little son: "Now, my little warrior, you are getting to be a big boy, you must grow up to be a big chief of your tribe. You must learn to shoot and be brave so that when you grow up, you will earn a name, and your people will love you."

The father gave his little son a tiny bow and some arrows, and taking him by the hand, called his little dog and went out to see what they could find to shoot at. Just outside of the tepees, were some bushes where the magpies had gathered and were chattering together, enjoying the beautiful sunshine.

Magpies are very inquisitive birds, and when they saw the little hunter, come along with his dog and his father, one of the little birds jumped down from the bush and hopped over to see what they were going to do. The father thought this was a good chance for his boy, so he got down on the ground to instruct him. The little fellow shot, and do you know he killed one of those birds!



GAVE HIS LITTLE SON A TINY BOW.

LEARNING TO SHOOT.

Then the father was just as proud as his little boy. The little fellow picked up the bird, and then off he started for home. His mother was sitting in the tepee making her little son a new pair of moccasins, and when he came in and threw the bird over for her to see, she was as much pleased as her boy, for soon he would be able to shoot rabbits and other game for her to cook for his dinner.



ABLE TO SHOOT RABBITS.



E. W. Deming

LITTLE BIRD, THE NAVAJO SHEPHERD BOY.

LITTLE BIRD was a little NAVAJO boy, whose papa had given him a dear little pony, because he took such good care of the sheep.

When LITTLE BIRD went out with his papa's flock of sheep, he always took some goats along to help keep the flock together and drive off wolves or bears. LITTLE BIRD, on his pony's back, would watch, and the goats would climb on the rocks where they could see a long distance. One day, while they were watching,

LITTLE BIRD fell asleep, on his pony's back. He didn't think there were any wolves or bears about; but soon he was dreaming that he heard the sheep making a great noise, and when he awoke, he saw that they were very much frightened and that the goats were marching toward the cañon.

What do you think he saw? A great, black bear holding a dear little lamb in his arms,





LITTLE BEAVER AND THE TAME CROWS.

ONE day as LITTLE BEAVER was playing on the prairie before his mother's tepee, he saw his father coming across an arroyo from a hunting trip he had taken. LITTLE BEAVER looked very intently, for on top of one of the pack horses, he saw two black things flapping their wings.

As soon as his father had got home and the things were unpacked, he said, "Come, my little warrior, I want to tell you a story." As soon as his little boy was on his knees he said: "While I was riding through the woods, I heard something say, 'Caw, Caw.' At first, I didn't see where it was and then I wished I had my little bright-eyed boy, for he could see. By and by it said 'Caw, Caw,' again and then, looking up, I saw an old mother crow standing on a limb, with a little crow on each side of her. I shot the mother and then climbed the tree and captured these two little crows and brought them home to my boy."

LITTLE BEAVER was very much pleased, and he used to play a great deal with these two new pets.



his meat and they kept it up quite a while until the little boy whipped them away. Then the crows felt very mournful to think they had been beaten, and walked away with their heads drooping, as if they knew enough to be ashamed of what they had tried to do.

Not long after, when the crows had grown quite big and mischievous, LITTLE BEAVER sat outside of the tepee on the ground, to eat some dinner. The crows saw him and came running over to him. While LITTLE BEAVER tried to frighten one away the other would try to steal





BRIGHT-EYES AND HIS PUMA KITTENS.

INDIAN BOYS have very queer pets ; they capture bear cubs, puma or mountain lion kittens, and various other young animals of the forest and tame them. The boys like to play with these strange pets, as much as little white boys love to play with puppies or kittens.



SOME INDIAN BOYS ENJOY TEASING THEIR PETS.

Some Indian boys, just like the white boys, enjoy teasing their pets, which is very wrong as it makes the animals very angry, and often the boys are punished beyond their expectation for their naughtiness.

BRIGHT-EYES was a little PAWNEE boy, who had two pretty little puma kittens, of which he was very proud, and when he did not tease or make them angry they would let him fondle and caress them just as you would a kitten.

One day BRIGHT-EYES was sitting on a blanket under a tree playing with his kittens, when two of his friends came along. He asked them to stop and they did, because BRIGHT-EYES seemed to be having such a good time with his pets.

The other boys did not play as gently as BRIGHT-EYES had done, and began teasing the kittens. They became very angry and wild. They scratched at the boys and tried to bite them, and if BRIGHT-EYES had been alone he would have fared very badly because he could not have beaten his wild pets off, but the other boys were older and they succeeded in quieting them enough to lead them away and tie them up.

The kittens never trusted BRIGHT-EYES again as they did before, and the little fellow felt very sad. His father did not trust him with his pets either, and after that always kept the kittens tied even though BRIGHT-EYES promised not to make them angry any more.





HODGSKA MAKES A VISIT.

I WILL tell you of a little red boy going visiting, and perhaps you can fancy why he liked it so much.

One day a CROW Indian mother called her little boy, HODGSKA, and told him to get dressed and she would take him to see his grandfather. HODGSKA was delighted. He came running in, and his mother put a pretty red breech-clout on him, braided his hair neatly, and then painted the part in his hair red, and HODGSKA was ready to start.



HAD TO PULL UP HIS FEET TO KEEP HIS MOCCASINS DRY.

The horses were all ready, too. The mother's saddle was all decorated with bright colored flannel and pretty bead work, and HODGSKA had a bright blanket thrown over his horse's back. The mother rode in front because she had to lead the way. They followed an old trail for awhile, and HODGSKA was disappointed because he didn't think that was fun. Then off in the distance he saw a river, and oh how he wished they would have to cross it!

HODGSKA was delighted when they really started to cross. In splashed the horses, and the water kept getting deeper and deeper until it came so high that the little boy had to pull up his feet to keep his moccasins dry.

After the river had been forded they had to climb over a mountain, and HODGSKA was glad he had brought his bow and arrows because he might be able to shoot something to take to his grandfather. They rode very quietly, and little HODGSKA tried to ride especially quiet because he knew if he made much noise he would frighten the game. Soon he heard a little noise in the brush and looking over he saw two pretty deer, but they saw him, too, and ran off just as fast as they could.

HODGSKA heard the little birds chattering and calling to one another and he saw a bear, but he found nothing he could shoot; so he had to meet his grandfather without being able to show what a hunter he had become.



HE SAW TWO PRETTY DEER.



PLAYING AT MOVING HOUSE.

ONCE there were two little PIEGAN Indian girls and they had been playing in a little play tepee for a long time. They had their baby brothers with them, and the babies had been playing out in the warm sunshine with their dogs, while the little girls played with their Indian dollies.



RAN OFF AS HARD AS HE COULD RUN.

The little brothers were good for a long time, and then they became tired of playing in one place, just as little white children get tired, so the sisters thought they would play at moving house.

They fastened two long poles to the sides of the dog and made a travois, then they put a basket between the poles and laid their dollies in this play carriage. Then the little girls started to take down their tepee.

All of a sudden the most awful accident happened! The puppy caught one of the dollies in his mouth and ran off as hard as he could run. The poor little mamma was almost frantic. She ran after the naughty puppy and caught him just as he was about to chew that poor dolly up!

After the poor dolly had been petted and loved, it was put back into the travois, and after all the packing had been finished the little girls took their baby brothers on their backs and started to move.

Just as they were passing their homes their mothers came to the door and called them in to their dinner. They didn't say "In a minute," as little white children very often do, but went right away.



**TOOK THEIR BABY BROTHERS ON
THEIR BACKS.**



THE WAR DANCE.

I FANCY that little white children don't know that their red brothers like to dress up in grown-up people's things just as much as they do.

One day several little SIOUX Indian boys decided to have a war dance. They braided each other's hair, and one little boy was so vain that, while his companion was braiding his hair, he kept admiring himself in a little piece of looking-glass that he held in his hand. After all had their hair finished, they put on the dance costumes just as they had seen their fathers do. Each wore the roach on his head, beads around his neck, and the belt; then each took his little bow and they started to have the dance.



KEPT ADMIRING HIMSELF IN A LITTLE
PIECE OF LOOKING-GLASS.

When the girls heard their little brothers playing outside, they went to the doors of their lodges to watch them. Then the boys had to do their best, of course, to show the girls what brave warriors they were going to be.

An old grandfather was sitting out-of-doors sunning himself; so the boys brought a tom-tom, and asked him to make music for them. Then

THE WAR DANCE.

they danced the war dance in earnest—a true imitation of their fathers. They danced for several hours, until they were so tired they could dance no longer; then they retired to a tepee, which they made believe was their council house, and in council they decided that the little girls would surely have much more respect for them in the future.



THE LITTLE GIRLS WOULD HAVE
MORE RESPECT FOR THEM.



TAKING CARE OF THE PONIES.

OUT in the real wild West, where the PONCA Indians live when they are at home, there are bears, mountain lions, wolves, foxes, and many other wild animals, always roaming about in quest of food.



THE WOLF.

Every evening, when it begins to get dark, the little boys have to go out and gather together all the horses, drive them to the village, and picket them for the night where the men can watch and keep them safe, not only from wild animals, but from Indians belonging to hostile tribes, out on horse-stealing expeditions.

After the horses are safely picketed around camp, the small boys can play and have a good time; but they have to go to bed early because they have to be up very early in the morning.

When the boys are all through with their breakfasts they drive the horses first to water for a drink, and then over to the cañons where some of them are hobbled and allowed to feed all day. When the boys hobble their horses they tie their front legs together down near the hoofs, so that the horses can only take short steps, and cannot run or wander off very far.

While the little boys are out herding they keep their bright little eyes wide open to see everything. Sometimes they shoot at the little prairie dogs with their bows and arrows; but the prairie dogs have very bright eyes, too, and down they go into their little holes before the arrows can hurt them.

The wise little owls live with the prairie dogs and they come out and sit near the holes watching for mice. The little boys shoot birds, rabbits, and various other small animals while they are out tending the horses.

Sometimes when Indian mothers are very busy or want to visit, they hobble their little ones by tying their feet together, so that they can take short steps only. Then the babies can play out-of-doors, and the mothers are sure they cannot get very far away from home.



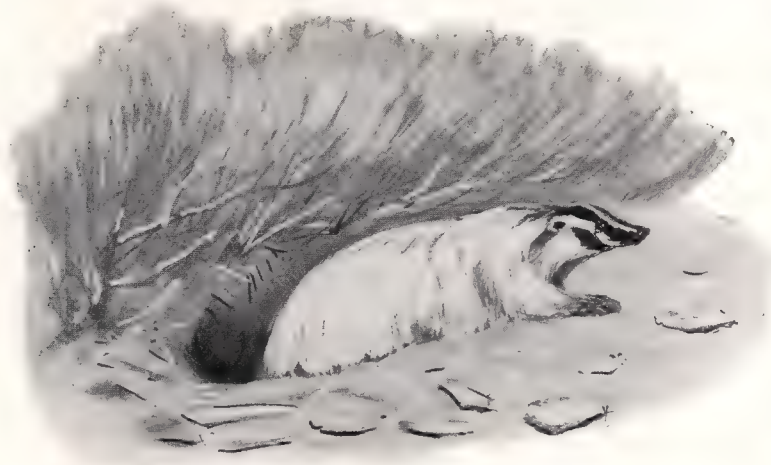
THE WISE LITTLE OWLS.



E. W. Deming

THE BABIES AND THE WOODPECKERS.

ONE day two WINNEBAGO Indian mothers took their little baby boys and put them on a blanket to play together. They were two happy little children, and after they had finished the bowl of dinner their mothers had given them, they didn't cry, but started playing with their little fingers and toes, and trying to catch the little stray rays of sunshine.



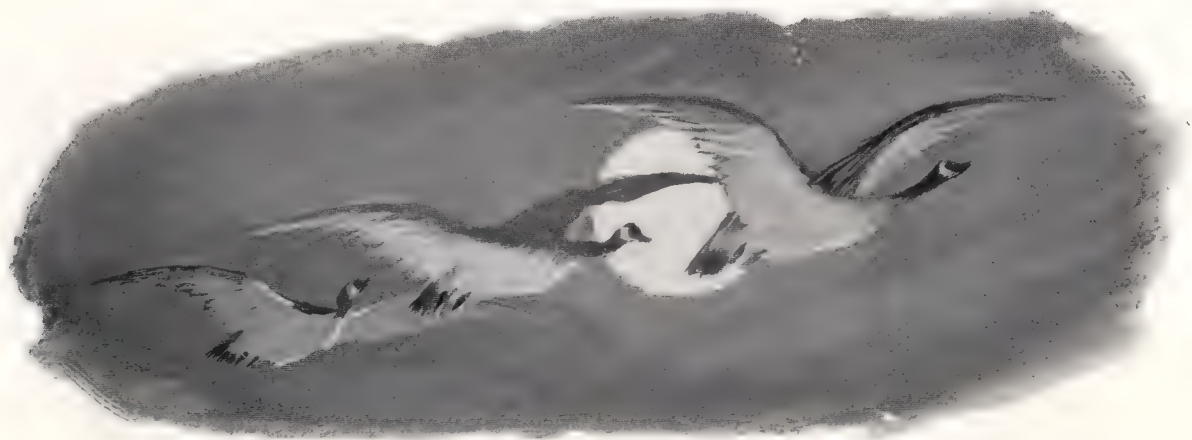
THE BADGERS COME OUT OF THEIR HOLES.

They were sitting in the shade of a little sapling, and suddenly they heard a little “tap! tap!” against the tree. The babies looked all around, but they couldn't see anything. Then they heard another, “tap! tap!” just like the first one. This time they looked at the tree, and, can you tell what they saw? Two great, big woodpeckers, with great red heads. The babies thought they were such pretty birds, but they did not know what to say to them, and so were a little bashful; while the woodpeckers were very curious to know what new kind of animal they had found.

You see there were no nice fat little worms in the young tree, and so the birds may have thought that the children had a bowl full of their favorite food, and they had themselves come too late.

Little Indian children learn to know wild animals very early. Sometimes the badgers come out of their holes to look at them, and then the children are very much frightened because badgers are wise animals and play many tricks on people.

At night, when they lie awake in their little beds, the children hear the wild geese talking to one another as they fly over the village. Then the mother tells them what bird is making the noise, and she also tells them, that when the geese fly south it will be too cold before very long for their babies to sit out of doors and when they fly toward the north, Spring is on the way with its beautiful sunshine.



THE WILD GEESE TALKING TO ONE ANOTHER AS THEY FLY.



HOW THE PUEBLO BOYS WERE FRIGHTENED.

LITTLE Indian children, like their white brothers, have to be in bed early or their mothers tell them that the Indian bugaboo, which is a water spirit, will come after them.

Sometimes the PUEBLO children, just like their white brothers, too, think their mothers are only trying to frighten them, when she reminds them of the time and tells them stories of how children are taken away, if they stay up late.

One day some little boys were talking the bugaboo stories over, and they decided to try and see if their mothers were telling them true stories; so, after they had been sent to bed, they were very quiet for awhile, but when their mothers weren't watching, they slipped out.

It was a lovely night and they thought they would go behind the houses and play awhile. The boys were running along, thinking of how they never again would be afraid of the water spirit, when, they all stopped short. so frightened, they could scarcely move. What do you



IT WAS A LOVELY NIGHT.

For a moment they were think they saw? There,

coming out of a doorway, straight ahead of them, was one of those terrible water spirits their mothers had been telling them about. It was coming right after them, shaking a rattle. I tell you those boys ran!

Several very much frightened boys reached their homes, and, after that, they were very glad to go to bed when it was time, for they never again wanted to be chased by another water spirit.

But I will tell you a secret. There are no water spirits; and these small Indian boys were surprised by a PUEBLO man who had seen them steal away from their homes and had decided to frighten them. So he dressed up to look like the Indians' pictures of a terrible water spirit from the Rio Grande river, and ran after the boys.



ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE WATER SPIRITS

INDIAN CHILD LIFE



E.W. Deming

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